

WEEKLY BAZOO.

SEDALIA, MO.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1883.

Most persons will resort to desperate extremes to preserve life, but life is frequently taken for the most trivial causes. Here are some curiosities of current suicides: Magruder killed himself in Maryland because of grief for his first wife, although he had taken a second and entirely worthy one. Marks killed himself in a Kansas mill-pond, the dam for which he had just built, the water being insufficient to turn the wheel. Jennie Roberts, of Pennsylvania, flung herself into a stream after being refused parental permission to go to a ball. Pickets, a member of the Texas bar, had no desire to live when he had lost a case and been censured by the client. Mrs. Jones, of Maryland, took laudanum because she could not take money from her husband's cash drawer. Atkinson, of California, mentally staked his life on his horse, and forfeited it on the conclusion of the race.

The city of Lawrence Kansas is infested with negro hoodlums, and the people there say that unless they mend their ways, and quit insulting and assaulting white girls as they have been doing for some years past, there will be one of the biggest riots in Lawrence that this country has ever heard of. This is all very well, but why have the Lawrence people submitted to this thing "for some years past?"

Secretary Folger is a cruel taskmaster. He has decreed that hereafter the treasury clerk that wants to help carry on an election for the congressman who got him his place will have to go home at his own expense, and lose his salary while away. The fall elections will not be likely to bring the accustomed vacation to many of the tired out Washington clerks.

The cabbage-leaf trade is getting dull in Chicago, and tobacco dealers are trying to force it by giving a five-cent daily or weekly paper to every purchaser of a nickel cigar. At this rate, Chicago will soon become odoriferous.

Wolves destroy \$12,500,000 worth of cattle in eastern Russia every year, to say nothing of the human lives that are lost. The Russian wolf would seem to be worse than the American Indian.

Certain young ladies who carry dogs in their arms or laps wonder why they have to change beaux so frequently. They don't seem to remember that lovers are not fond of flea-bites.

Rutherford Burchard Hayes is living at Fremont, Ohio. He is still dimly remembered as having once been an occupant of the White House. He cuts no figure in Ohio politics.

The St. Joseph Gazette alludes to Jem Mace as "the scared and battered victor of a score or more of desperate convicts." What convicts? Who are they?

Philadelphia is excited over the proposition to appoint chairman Sam Wah a patrolman. There ought to be no trouble about it. Put him on the force, and pay him in trade dollars.

The cable notes that "Bismarck's health requires complete seclusion and repose." The American pig may now hope for a little rest.

Don't fail to patronize merchants who advertise. It is of this class that you always secure the best bargains.

This is a go-ahead country, and don't you forget it. Just wait till you see the exposition.

The exposition will lay way over any thing of the kind ever attempted in Sedalia.

Slade is no rival for Sullivan, and the modern Athens is rejoiced.

One half the world does not know how the other half lies.

Exposition plans are booming. Encourage home enterprise.

THE CHOLERA.

During the past two weeks almost every paper in the country has contained articles on the prevention of the spread of cholera. It is assumed that it is within the power of man to prevent the dissemination of infectious diseases. The truth is, we know very little about how these diseases originate, how they are communicated, or why they disappear. A few years ago a fatal, and it was believed, an infectious disease, popularly known as "hog cholera," spread over a considerable portion of this country. It caused very general alarm, and in some places destroyed for a time a most important industry. Various remedies were prescribed for it in vain. Few restrictions were imposed on the transportation of swine, and no well organized attempt was made to stamp out the disease, as is generally done when similar diseases prevail in foreign countries. When the excitement respecting it was the greatest, the disease suddenly disappeared. The national department of agriculture during several months endeavored to find a hog afflicted with the cholera, that virus might be obtained for experimental purposes. Such an animal, however, could not be found. The official announcement was accordingly made that the disease had disappeared from the country. Its disappearance was as strange as its appearance.

Investigations recently made in England show that the dreadful foot-and-mouth disease suddenly disappears in certain infected districts without apparent cause, and after the lapse of years suddenly appears in the same or other districts. The germ theory in regard to the origin and spread of contagions and infections is the one now generally held by scientists, but it is certainly very difficult to explain the phenomena of these diseases by any theory that has been presented. The germ theory of disease may have had its origin in fancy rather than in fact.

Very much, perhaps too much, is expected of quarantine as a means of stopping the introduction of contagious diseases into a country. To Moses is accorded the credit of instituting quarantine regulations. The government of Venice was the first to inspect foreign vessels and to require the persons and animals on board of them to remain in a place set apart for the purpose until their sanitary condition could be ascertained. Quarantine was not required of cattle in Great Britain until some contagious diseases were introduced by animals brought from abroad. A perfectly effective quarantine is much more easily imagined than put in practice.

At a time when a pestilence is passing from one country to another, it is not enough to refuse admittance to those who are obviously sick. The restriction should apply to those who have been exposed to the disease, and in whose system it may be undeveloped. A high medical authority states that an entirely effectual quarantine can only be established by requiring all who have been in an way exposed to the dreaded disease to remain in seclusion "until they have passed in perfectly non-infectious circumstances at least as many days of probation as the disease can have days of incubation. Establishing and maintaining a quarantine of this kind would require an enormous expense, and would subject travellers to trouble and vexation that would scarcely be justifiable. It would, besides, require each ship-load of passengers or animals to be quartered in a place not previously employed for a similar purpose, providing the disease had made its appearance among them. Apparently it would be better to place an entire prohibition on the admission of persons and animals than to enforce quarantine regulations as strict as these.

When President Arthur started on his Yellowstone expedition he had a compartment in one of his special cars stored with wine and whisky. Arthur is not a temperance man—which is bad, but he does not sham at temperance, as Hayes did—which is good.

APPLETON CITY LETTER.

Correspondence of the Bazaar.

APPLETON CITY, August 8.

A little child of Charles Rinear was buried last week.

There seems to be no limit to the amount of old corn that is being brought to town.

Since the astute criticism of the Journal we almost tremble to say that we even have a school, or a town board.

Messrs. Shields and Hodkins visited Brownington last Friday, and found the people alive on the railroad matter.

A few days since John Gilbreath fell and dislocated his shoulder. We understand he is getting along, very well.

H. W. Grantley and wife started to Louisville exposition last Tuesday night. From there they will start on their western tour.

Last week Mrs. Mary M. Ciarly delivered three very interesting prohibition lectures here and organized a W. C. T. U. society.

James McCarty has been placed under arrest for selling whisky and beer in less quantities than one gallon. His trial is set for Friday.

On last Monday night the town board arose in the strength of their combined weakness, "rattled" with the Nichols dog bill problem, and decided that the forty dogs were cheap at \$20. The town board will be lonesome now.

At the last meeting of the town board Mr. Egger presented a petition asking the clerk and treasurer to make and publish an itemized statement of the receipts and expenditures of the public money during the last year. If any one has been wrongfully using or squandering the town's money it should be known; if any of the town board have wilfully and maliciously neglected their duties in order to gratify a personal spite, that also should be ventilated.

SCHELL CITY SIFTINGS.

Correspondence of the Bazaar.

SCHELL CITY, August 8.

J. A. Hahn and family, of Schell, and John R. Figg, of Calhoun, are camping at the famous Iron Springs, near Tiffin, this week.

Miss Katie Hilt and Mrs. Zimmerman of Rockville, spent Tuesday in Schell, visiting the family of our enterprising jeweler, Will Crow.

The millinery firm of Misses Herrick & Winters sold out and closed business Tuesday. Their smiling faces will be missed from among us.

The band boys took in Iron Springs at Tiffin on last Sunday, and report a pleasant time. The amusements consisted of fishing, boating and a good dinner.

At Belvoir, three miles west of Schell, Tuesday morning, August 7th, by Rev. Edger, Baptist minister of this place, Mr. James Keeney, of Schell, to Miss Tessie Hill, of South, Mo. After the ceremony they partook of an excellent repast, which had been prepared, and then came to Schell and took the morning train for South.

Married, at Butler, county seat of Bates county, by the probate judge, Mr. Charles Cresap, son of Senator H. B. Cresap, of Vernon county, to Miss Belle Yule, of Schell City. The affair was very quiet, becoming generally known Tuesday morning of this week. The Bazaar's correspondent wishes them joy, and they have the good wishes of their many friends in Sedalia.

DELEVAN, Wis., Sept. 24, 1878.

GENTS—I have taken not quite one bottle of the Hop Bitters. I was a feeble old man of seventy-eight when I got it. Today I am as active and feel as well as I did at thirty. I see a great many who need such a medicine. D. BOYCE.

Playing to Hard Luck.

He was a big, strong, muscular fellow, like a patent Hercules, with biceps as large as a soup plate, and he was playing pool with three commercial men in a hotel billiard room.

He had a blustering, bully way with him, which kept the spirits of the party down below zero, and promoted a singular display of courtesy on the part of his companions, who treated him about as tenderly as a man getting a stone out of the hind hoof of a wicked mule.

Even when he appropriated one of the balls Johnson had pocketed, his piracy was permitted without a murmur, and it was apparent that the game would not end without a row.

Suddenly the door opened and a small, sharp-nosed lady, with cork-screw ringlets and sorrow complexion, entered.

The muscular stranger was making a shot, and did not notice the intrusion. She walked straight up to him, laid hold of one of his aggressive ears and led him—like Una and the lion—clean up to the front door, out of which he passed into the street. Then, turning to the barkeeper, she said:

"I've told you more than once I'll not have my Joe loafing round your den of iniquity any more; and if I catch him here again I'll make things so lively for you you'll wish you'd a-died when you was a baby!"

Then there was a silence for two minutes. And when she was gone the barkeeper wiped the perspiration off his face with the glass cloth and said:

"Py gracious, if dat womens vas mine frau!"

WILL YOU SUFFER with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale by Bard & Miller.

Does a Mule's Kick Hurt?

When a blacksmith swings his sign to the breeze, of horseshoeing, it don't imply that he shoes mules, does it? Wouldn't it be well for the sign to read: "Horse and mule-shoeing shop?" Just to increase business, you know; but maybe a mule is as safe without shoes as with them. At all events, such was the remark of a horseshoer yesterday, as he lay sprawling on the floor, feeling as if he had been shot from a cannon. When his scattered senses were slowly creeping back, and when he was so far recovered as to faintly articulate, he was gently asked, "Did it hurt?" A spasm crossed his face, not of pain, but of disgust, as he remarked through his clinched teeth: "It might not have hurt so bad, you jacksnipe, if I hadn't just got a new set of shoes on the critter."

A DANCE OF DEATH.

Annual Occurrences of the Great Indian Sun Dance.

Horrible Atrocities Practiced Upon Themselves by the Devotees.

INDIAN SUN DANCE.

Rosebud Agency, Dak., August 3.—The great annual sun dance of the Sioux occurred here this week, probably the last which the government will permit. An attempt was made to dissuade the Indians from this year's performance, which caused old Swift Bear to utter this shrewd reply in council: "You had Christ to die upon the cross for you, and you talk much about that. But we do something you dare not do. We tie ourselves up to the cross of our god and suffer with him. You are afraid to do that." Yet it has lost much of its early severity and popularity. To dance was at one time compulsory on young braves; it is now entirely voluntary, the redemption of a vow made to Wakantaka, the great spirit. A warrior may have promised that if a sick child or a dear friend recover from a dangerous illness he would dance in the heat of the sun at the next sun dance, or he may have been himself in a tight place, or sated success and achievement in some contemplated raid. A runner announces the time and place of the event to the various tribes. The camp this year, near the agency, contains 10,000 Indians, and make a circle five miles in circumference—a beautiful sight. In front of the tent where the sun-dancers were awaiting their ordeal lay a whitened buffalo skull on a bunch of wild sage. Inside the tepee was the sacred medicine pipe on some mysterious sticks.

On Friday a scouting party was sent out to discover a suitable pole for the center of THE DANCING CIRCLE, and the next day the pole, a tall elm tree, was cut by an Indian maiden, consecrated to this office by Her Pipe, niece of Standing Bear. She is said to have cut thirteen poles, and will never marry. When it had been trimmed and placed in position, there came the "charge on the pole," a thousand warriors on a thousand horses, down from the hill, around the camp, reckless of limb, pell mell, themselves and their horses decked with green branches, "Bismarck wood" came to Dunsinane." What rush of color, what life, what vigorous movement! These were the men who circled around Custer when he stood alone. Many are in saddles that belonged to that command. With the boughs they bring the pavilion is built around the pole, and by Sunday evening the tall grass in the arena has been tramped smooth with much ceremony, and all is ready.

Just as the round, full moon peeped over the eastern range of hills the dancers to the sun, fifteen in all, entered to fulfill their vow. They were: Follow-a-Woman, Lives-in-the-Air, Plenty Hole, White Wolf, Point-at-Three, He Dog, Little Day, Little Boy, Hollow Horn, Eagle, Shied, Two Eagle, Yellow, Poor Dog, and Troublesome Hawk. They were stripped to the waist, and wore skirts of red plaid shawls with panels of blue hanging from their belts in front and behind. On their heads were wreaths of sweet grass of horse, over their chests depended representations of the sun, and from their wrists hung totems. The singers commenced to howl and beat their drum. The dancers put to their lips the goose-bone whistles, tripped with the rare feather of the "medicine bird," and began to hop up and down. As long as they danced they were to whistle—and they were to dance until the next sun down. Some women, to supplement the noisy music of the drum, commenced to "Hi-yi" in a shrill key, and beat a hide spread on the ground.

THERE WAS NOT A LIGHT

in the inclosure. The pole, flustering with banners, stood out in the moonlight. Near its top was bound a fescue of willow twigs, which gave it resemblance to a cross. The figure of a buffalo, cut from hide, represented the sun, and above it dangled the figure of an Indian, black on one side, white on the other—the bad and the good spirit. All night the dancing never flagged. While the moon was up their faces were turned and their arms outstretched to it, and when Cheechee, the sun, came "like a warrior robed and painted, from his shining lodge of silver," they turned to it and prayed earnestly. They faced it all day; if one shows signs of breaking down he is taken to the shade for a moment and given a pull at a pipe or a bit of wild sage to encourage saliva. The Indians look on indifferently and eat hard bread and boiled dog which the squaws have brought in dirty black kettles; outside, the little Indian boys are playing tricks on each other, the older ones making love by catching some dusky maiden and standing with her for hours wrapped in their blankets, in plain view of everybody on the prairie. Paposes are brought into the arena to have their ears pierced, which admits them into Sioux fellowship. The operation is not actually performed there, but at home, and a great amount of calico and a pony have to be "given away" for the privilege. During this week between six and seven hundred ponies have been given away in a sort of communistic distribution by the Indians.

About noon the medicine man commenced to

PAINT THE THREE DANCERS

who were to be tied to the pole. When decorated, their guide led them to the four points of the compass and, with arms extended in a wavy motion, blew his whistle softly about them. At the pole this prayer, in Dakota, was offered. God, we are come to observe the day you give us. We stand upon our feet to give our flesh to you. Look at us, at our wives, our children, our friends, and help us to bear this trial." Follows-a-Woman, the first to suffer, was thrown on the ground, and the medicine man skillfully made two incisions with a sharp knife over each breast in the vicinity of the pectoral muscles. The flesh was lifted and a hard wood skewer thrust under and fastened by sinews to the rope which hung from the pole. Already weakened by the fifteen hours of exertion, of thirst, of hunger, he was to strain at this rope until he broke loose by tearing out his own flesh. He was magnificently brave, and it did not

take long. In five minutes he was dancing with the others as if nothing had happened, and the parol then allowed him would have made him ridiculous had not the red blood been seen coursing down his body.

Lives-in-the-Air was the next. He tore out one stick in ten minutes, and was then released from tearing out of the other by the gift of three ponies. Poor Dog had a dog's luck. The cuts seemed to have been deeper on him. He struggled and pulled, then gave the rope slack and danced about the pole until, suddenly jerking back, the flesh would stand out two or three inches from the breast. The squaws, who came near to throw clothes and calicoes at his feet or on the rope as gifts to the poor, turned away crying.

Toward the sun his hands were lifted, Both the palms spread out against it, And between the parted fingers Fell the sunshine on his features, Flecked with light his native shoulders, As it falls and flecks an oak-tree.

Through the rifted leaves and branches. Twenty minutes of this agony without an outcry. A friend came up, and, catching the man around the waist, gave a tremendous pull. Even this did not break the stout integument, and it was not until half an hour had passed that the brave fellow fell back on the earth, panting and weak, two great wounds torn in his breast.

ONE MORE EXHIBITION REMAINED.

Yellow was cut in the shoulder and a skewer inserted, from which a rope was passed around the head of a horse. The animal was hit and jumped, and thus the instrument of torture was torn out. Several men who did not dance had bits of flesh cut from their arms; also some squaws, to make the amount necessary from their husbands less, or to satisfy vows of their own. The dancers by this time were a shocking sight, tottering about not able to stand erect, one or two supported by friends, their whistles still clinging to their dry lips, their movements slow, mechanical, spasmodic. Not one had failed in the ordeal, however, which ceased at sundown. Not one had cried out for relief or made a sign of distress. If he had, he would have lost his place among the warriors forever, been ranked with the women, and by them despised.

"He that prays harm for his neighbor, begs a curse upon himself." He that recommends Kidney-Wort to his sick neighbor brings a blessing rich and full both to his neighbor and himself. Habitual costiveness is the bane of nearly every American woman. Every woman owes it to herself and to her family to use that celebrated medicine, Kidney-Wort.

She Wanted Love Perfume.

Rochester Commercial.

Last Wednesday evening an old lady seemingly about fifty years of age, came tripping in Darby & Mitchell's drug store, called Dr. Mitchell to one side and told him she had heard he kept "love perfume" for sale, and wanted a dime's worth of the very best quality, which would take immediate action and no foolin' about it." The doctor, with a broad grin on his face, informed her that she had been "stuffed by somebody," he kept no love was a scarce article in this country. The old lady still insisted and said she "did not propose to be gulped in that way"—she wanted it—"women's rights" and expected to have it, and if he did not comply with her request she was a forsaken woman. The doctor, seeing that the old lady was determined on having the "love perfume," made up a preparation composed of tincture of assafoetida and other sweet smelling tinctures, labelled the bottle "love perfume" and gave it to the woman, who seemed to be tickled over her purchase and left the store with the remark, "if it did work she would call again." She was soon afterwards seen in John F. Wilhite's store holding the pretense that it was Hoyt's cologne, and he was kicking like a bay steer about such doings. Geo. White took a whiff at the bottle and says "if that is what people call cologne, darned if he wants any of the stuff around his house." Guess it had the desired effect, as the old lady has not yet called on the doctor for a new supply.

"I wouldn't be without Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills if they cost \$1 a pill. They cured me of neuralgia of nine years' standing."—Joseph Snyder, Paxinos, Pa. Fifty cents per box, at druggists.

Baltimore has about 400 hacks. The cost of one and a pair of horses averages \$1,500.

Flies and Bugs.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats," 15c.

An ear and part of a skull are held as relics of the Carlyon disaster by an Al-bion, N. Y., man.

THAT HACKING COUGH can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale by Bard & Miller.

A Chinaman committed suicide in San Francisco, recently, by hanging himself in a sewer.

SLEEPLESS NIGHT made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. For sale by Bard & Miller.

Ohio girls on the Erie shore hang their clothes on a hickory limb and dive when trains pass.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap purifies the skin.

"Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye," 50 cts.

Fike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

A canal is being dug between Lakes Union and Washington in Washington territory.

CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. For sale by Bard & Miller.

A farmer in Northern Mississippi has cleared \$116 an acre from his watermelon crop.

SHILOH'S COUGH and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption. For sale by Bard & Miller.

A BROKEN REVERIE.

BY JEROME BURNET.

Poet:

Upon the river's heaving breast
I see a boat impelled
As if the spirit of unrest
The rudder held.
'Tis tenantless, a helpless thing
Adrift without a chart,
Or like a swan with broken wing
And ebbing heart.
The flexile hands that once defied
The storm king's angry breath
With pliant oars, are 'neath the tide
And still in death.
By wind and wave a boat is tossed;
Where cruel waters roll
A body lies—from both is lost.
The moving soul.

Urchin:

"Er, mister, ain't you off your fare,
Tain't me you're talking with;
But that old skiff you see out there
Belongs to Billy Smith.
"He's been to town ad sold his stuff,
And every cent he's sunk
In whisky straight, and sure enough
He's drunk, you know—dead drunk.
"He had a slew of fish to-day
His regular market pack,
And now his boat's skipped away
He'll have to hoof it back."
—Washington Star.

Beecher's Salary at Indianapolis.

Indianapolis Journal.

The Journal reproduced a New York special with respect to the approaching seventieth anniversary of Henry Ward Beecher's birthday, in which Mrs. Beecher is said to speak of the early days of their married life, when "Henry was a pastor at Indianapolis and Lawrenceburg, Indiana, at a salary of \$300 a year." The good lady proceeds to say that during those days they lived on less than \$1 a day, the inference being that the Second Presbyterian church, of this city, of which Mr. Beecher was the pastor, allowed their brilliant minister to eke out a miserable existence on a paltry pittance. Now, the facts are that Mr. Beecher never was a "pastor in Indianapolis at a salary of \$300 a year." His salary ranged from \$700 to \$1,000, the latter amount being paid him in 1847, when he left the church here to go to Brooklyn. In a letter to Mr. C. F. Clarkson, then of Brookville, now of the Des Moines Register, written in 1847 and reproduced in the Journal of June 16th, 1877, Mr. Beecher says \$1,000 in Indianapolis would be more than \$2,000 in Brooklyn, but that he was to get only \$1,500 there, and the change was made solely on account of Mrs. Beecher's health. He says it would be financially better for him to remain here, and he hoped after a few years' absence to be able to return to the west. In his letter of resignation to the elders of the church, Mr. Beecher bases his desire for a change entirely upon the condition of his wife's health. The idea of inadequate support never came into the case until lately, when it seems to be regarded necessary to misstate the facts and slur the Second church here to, in some measure, magnify the subsequent career of Mr. Beecher, which needs no magnifying. In 1843, circuit judges were paid a salary of \$2,000—\$1,500 in 1844. A salary of a supreme judge was \$700, and in 1832, only \$1,200; so that \$1,000 to a minister in 1848, as was paid Mr. Beecher, was up to the figure paid in the other learned professions. Mr. Beecher's career has been sufficiently wonderful and creditable to both himself and his wife not to need the side-lights of falsehood to increase the marvel. Certainly Mr. Beecher himself would not like to have something very like a libel upon the christian character of the church with which his name is so closely identified to pass without denial.

A Texas Bear Story.

A gentleman was hunting recently on the Neeces. He had killed a good deal of small game while out during the day, and was returning home a short while before dark, with just enough ammunition to load his rifle and put four shots in his pistol. This was unfortunate, too, in one respect, as will be seen further on. In pursuing the journey toward home, this mighty hunter, for so he can fairly be called, saw a bear go into a hollow tree, and resolved to have some bear meat. He compelled bruin to descend from his hiding place and shot him dead with the rifle as he emerged from the hollow. Another bear soon made its appearance from the same tree, no doubt to see what was the cause of all the racket on the outside, and met with the same fate as the former, this time shot with the trusty pistol. A pair of dead bears is a pretty good day's work for one hunter, but they continued to come out of that tree at a rapid rate until five were piled up dead on the ground. Five shots only the hunter had, and every shot made a dead bear. But that was not all. Two more grown bears made their appearance. The hero of this wonderful story had no more ammunition left, but his bravery was equal to the occasion. He attacked them with his empty gun and made such a desperate battle that the bears, crippled and wounded, fled from the scene of that mighty and terrible conflict, leaving the hunter in peaceful possession of his five dead trophies, and the hero of one of the most remarkable battles on record.—San Antonio Express.

From Eminent Dr. O. O. Clark, Oswego, N. Y.

"Golden's Liquid Beef Tonic is by far the best of all the preparations of the (food and tonic) that I have ever used. To the sufferer from chronic diseases, or the convalescent, it is invaluable, being both nourishing and strengthening." (Take no other.) Of druggists.

A Poughkeepsie, N. Y., tailor drew a \$12,000 prize, recently, in an Austin lottery.

COLORLESS AND COLD.—A young girl deeply regretted that she was so colorless and cold. Her face was too white, and her hands and feet felt as though the blood did not circulate. After one bottle of Hop Bitters had been taken she was the rosiest and healthiest girl in town, with a vivacity and cheerfulness of mind gratifying to her friends.

A San Francisco minister sued a young man for his marriage fee—\$5—and got it.